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WHERE IS HEAVEN?

Two little children, weeping sore,
Were wandering slowly down the street,
With streaming tears, and naked feet,
And when they met me, said—
“The world is all a misery now,
The oldest turned to me and cried,
O, do you know where Heaven is?”

“Our father died a week ago,
And his mother is dead, too;
And when we met her, she was dead,
And when we met her, she was dead;
She always said, ‘In Heaven I know’
And when we met her, she was dead,
O, tell us, tell us where is Heaven?”

Dear mother died a week ago,
And her husband is dead, too;
And when we met her, she was dead,
And when we met her, she was dead;
She always said, ‘In Heaven I know’
And when we met her, she was dead,
Poor little children, with life’s black load
That gives you both your last ones more.

To give a funeral such as this
From such a little, sorrowing hearts!
Let them go to their God, and let them sleep,
That they may sleep in Heaven.”

Who knows who goes where Heaven is?

Poor little souls after Heaven!

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